

RICKY: (*Offstage.*) Did you see that?

CLINT: See what?

RICKY: (*Off.*) Incredible!

CLINT: See what?

RICKY: (*Off.*) Parking Lot! Jesus!

CLINT: See *what?* (*Ricky enters with two suitcases*)

RICKY: Right after we pulled in!

CLINT: Where?

RICKY: The window!

CLINT: Where?

RICKY: Hurry up! (*Ricky drops the suitcases.*)

CLINT: Hey, watch it!

RICKY: Where are you, I know you're out there, come *on*...

CLINT: My binoculars are in here!

RICKY: There, right there! Peace on earth, good will to men.

CLINT: Just throw my goddamn binoculars down next time like they were made out of rubber why don't you?

RICKY: Will you shut up already and just come over here and take a *look* at this?

CLINT: Jerkwad.

RICKY: And bring the binoculars!

CLINT: What's the big deal?

RICKY: That! Will you look at that? Un-be-lievable.

CLINT: Where?

RICKY: Behind the green *Camaro*! What are you, blind? Hurry up, it's on the roof!

CLINT: Where's the *Camaro*, for Christ's sake?

RICKY: Big tree—left side—over a little—

CLINT: I see it! I see the green *Camaro*! (*Pause.*) I don't see anything else.

RICKY: Skip it.

CLINT: That's *it*? A green *Camaro*?

RICKY: Skip it, it's gone. You'll never see it again for the rest of your life.

CLINT: I never saw it the first time!

RICKY: You had your chance and you blew it.

CLINT: Where? (*Pause.*) You mean that fat number in the sweatshirt?

RICKY: *Wrong.*

CLINT: You broke my Swiss binoculars just to show me some fat broad in a Snoopy sweatshirt?

RICKY: Idiot! I'm talking masterpiece and all you can see is the livestock. Throw me a beer.

CLINT: Throw yourself a beer!

RICKY: C'mon sport. (*Clint tosses a beer to Ricky.*)

CLINT: If you'll pardon me saying so, I think you're full of it. And I don't even believe there *was* anything.

RICKY: (*Pause.*) Well?

CLINT: I think they're okay.

RICKY: Will you forget the stupid binoculars?

CLINT: These things are *Zeiss*, buddy, in case you never heard of that.

RICKY: No, I never heard of that.

CLINT: Well maybe if you were still in school you'd hear about a few things for a change.

RICKY: Oh yeah? Sure. What are you, *majoring* in binoculars? Look, you want to hear about this or not, cause you know you do, only you just can't stand to be too interested, cause that's not cool for college types or something.

CLINT: I really don't give a flying fart.

RICKY: Course not.

CLINT: (*Pause.*) It's not as if I even did, cause I don't.

RICKY: Sure. (*Pause.*) Five foot ten.

CLINT: Get out.

RICKY: I swear to God. Twenty-five or twenty-six years old.

CLINT: Jesus. I never made it with an older woman. Have you?

RICKY: Plenty of times.

CLINT: And?

RICKY: And, maybe you weren't aware, but there's a very interesting statistic that women that age and up are just *beginning* to hit their sexual potential.

CLINT: I know how they feel.

RICKY: Ha! For you it was fourteen. You're five years over the hill already.

CLINT: What color hair did she have?

RICKY: Well—brown.

CLINT: Boring, in other words.

RICKY: Hair okay, but nothing to write home about.

CLINT: What color eyes?

RICKY: I don't know—big! What's all this color business?

CLINT: Physique?

RICKY: Now you're talking. *Great* physique—A minus on the lungs.

CLINT: Good knockers, huh?

RICKY: Very good hooters.

CLINT: *Hooters!?*

RICKY: Honk honk!

CLINT: Jesus, I haven't heard that word since high school.

RICKY: Well it's only been a year. You make it sound like World War II or something.

CLINT: What about her legs?

RICKY: Endless.

CLINT: What about her ass?

RICKY: Clint, try not to be so crude. You're talking about the woman I love.

CLINT: In other words, she's got a *great* ass.

RICKY: Hey hey hey!

CLINT: Whattya say?

RICKY: Okay, hold it a minute: Her face. Clint, I can't even find the words. Never before seen in our galaxy.

CLINT: Yeah?

RICKY: *Overall* rating—including face—are you ready?

CLINT: Overall.

RICKY: A Ten.

CLINT: Are you out of your mind?

RICKY: A definite Ten.

CLINT: Are you crazy?

RICKY: From the Russian judge, a nine-point eight, but I gotta say an All-American Ten.

CLINT: With boring hair and A minus hooters?

RICKY: I'm talking overall effect. The sum is more than the parts.

CLINT: Ricky, there is no such thing. Tens are only in your mind.

RICKY: Nadia Comaneci was a Ten. This is a Ten.

CLINT: You're just saying that because I didn't see her.

RICKY: One-Oh.

CLINT: You're making it up.

RICKY: I stand by my judgement.

CLINT: You must mean a Nine. Surely you mean a high Nine, which in itself is unbelievable.

RICKY: I think we ought to recognize perfection when it floats by us.

CLINT: You're delirious!

RICKY: Ah, *now* he wakes up. Don't get too many Tens around the dorm, huh? But I saw one here. You're just pissed you didn't.

CLINT: Nobody's ever seen a Ten! (*Pause.*) The whole idea of Tenhood loses its meaning if anybody ever sees one!

RICKY: I not only saw her.

CLINT: What do you mean?

RICKY: I more than just saw her.

CLINT: What?

RICKY: I nodded to her.

CLINT: You did *what*?

RICKY: You heard me, ace.

CLINT: Did you—talk to her?

RICKY: What do you think, I wanted to scare her off? Jesus!

CLINT: Okay!

RICKY: We looked. I nodded. (*Pause.*) Then I gave her the eye.

CLINT: Get out of here!

RICKY: No, man.

CLINT: You gave her the eye?

RICKY: Well, I sort of squinted. The sun was in my eyes. I was carrying all our junk.

CLINT: You didn't do that thing with your tongue, did you?

RICKY: No!

CLINT: Because you may think that's cool, but it makes you look like a rattlesnake.

RICKY: Will you grow up? I just gave her the eye.

CLINT: What did she do?

RICKY: She sort of smiled.

CLINT: Are you kidding? She was *nice*?

RICKY: It's true. I swear to God she's got the hots for me.

CLINT: Oh man, now I know you're full of it! (*Pause.*) Did she *say* anything? What did she say?

RICKY: She was playing it a little cool, but a guy can tell.

CLINT: Well what did she say?

RICKY: This and that.

CLINT: No, man, *c'mon!*

RICKY: Just stuff. Excuse me, could you move your car you're blocking me in and stuff. But *nice*.

CLINT: Oh God, I can *hear* her! She's got this voice like hot maple syrup in February...

RICKY: Yeah. So then I moved the car and—

CLINT: She opens her mouth, her beautiful gorgeous twenty-five year old mouth, and out comes—this—  
*sound*—

RICKY: Whatever. So then—

CLINT: Like a cool breeze when you've worked up a sweat—like a—

RICKY: Who's telling this?

CLINT: Promise me she's not a c.t.

RICKY: No way, Renee. This girl puts out, I can tell.

CLINT: Cause if she's a Ten and a c.t., I'm going to go *insane*. There won't be any reason to go on living.

RICKY: I'm telling you, she puts *out*.

CLINT: Are you crazy? A Ten that puts out?

RICKY: The mind boggles, doesn't it?

CLINT: A Ten that puts out—and is taying right here in this motel?

RICKY: Hey man, it's the Cod, right? What'd I tell you? We're here five minutes and a Ten is trolling her ass through the goddamn parking lot.

CLINT: The Cape, Ricky. Not "the Cod." And a real Ten wouldn't troll her ass through any parking lot. She'd be too nice.

RICKY: Well maybe there's two kinds of Tens, Mr. Coolness, did you ever stop to think about that? Maybe there's the nice girl kind, sort of the skinny wispy model, and then maybe there's another kind that will chew through you like a Black and Decker chainsaw. And maybe—I say just maybe—what we've got here is the kind with teeth.

CLINT: A minus on the hooters, right?

RICKY: Like she got hit in the back by a pair of bazooka shells.

CLINT: Jesus.

RICKY: Jesus H.

CLINT: This is it, huh? A Ten. Oh wow...

RICKY: Hey—hey Clint—just like old times, huh?

CLINT: You said it, pal.

RICKY: All *right*! Only this time with a Ten!

CLINT: And how many of *those* were there at Dwight D. Eisenhower Senior High?

RICKY and CLINT: (*Together.*) Zilch!

RICKY: A Ten!

CLINT: A Ten!

RICKY: An Ab-so-lute Ten...